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McKean County Miner

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D. C. YOUNG,

Smethport, Pa., Jan., 1892 Cor Main and Union Sts.

HUGH M'NEIL'S HEN.

By ALFRED B. CALHOUN.

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squish. He's got his into his head that everything he kin tote off without his paw's leave is his'n. Then he's got a lot mosh of the ole stay at-homes into the same way of thinkin, and them uns is even a-teachin poro Hen ez wouldn't commit a sin of so be he was to do a murdah or steal."

I thought of my glasses as she said this, and was about to tell her of them, when without any knock a Lank man clad in butternut and with his trousers inside a pair of wrinkled rusty boots, came in with the inevitable squirrel rifle in his hand, cinnamon colored hands. The man's thin beard and long hair were a rusty black, and there was a certain sneaking expression in the face that was not at all prepossessing. Giving me a nod, the man said

"Evenin, Miss. Howdee?"

"Howdee, Pete?" she responded.

"Hugh home?"

"No."

"Back soon?"

"Reckon so."

"Yo' uns peah t' yo have company."

"Yaas Pete strangers a-restin and pattin their critters."

"Sojers." This was addressed to me by the man Pete

"You my friend trying to be."I replied with affected heartiness

"Hit's a doggone hard life

"So it is sir and I hope it will soon be over."

"Thar's some cos thinks hit w'u'dn't ev stop but of all had a Lord ez little to fightin ez me hit wouldn't a ha ez ah begun." Then with a change of manner and addressing me. "Come from up Chattanooga way?"

"Yes."

"Runned fo Bridgeport I reckon?"

"No Stevenson."

Not caring to talk with this man for I could see he was trying to act I went down to the creek where the horses were grazing and the men were sitting in a group with their carbines in their laps. I had just explained to them that after we had had something to eat we should push on and try to get some sleep in the hills after midnight, when Hugh McNeil came to say that he had procured bacon and corn from a neighbor and that Min was cooking the former.

The corn he brought down at once enough to give the horses a good feed and to leave a few quarts of the ear which I proposed to carry away. We went up to the house one-half at a time I going with the second lot and ate heartily of bacon and corn bread which we might have washed down with my limited new whisky if we had felt so disposed.

I noticed while eating that in addition to Pete two more mountain men who looked very much like him came and looked in from the door, but neither Hugh McNeil's invitation to eat.

McNeil prevailed on me, and I let him to believe that I would remain till the next morning but I had made up my mind to start as soon as the moon was up and not to say goodby to him. The men were quietly saddling up a few hours after supper when Min found me out, and drawing me into the shadows whispered

"Dad's got the gyng heah and they re dead set fo' you uns."

CHAPTER III.

Supposing that he was dead, Lin Moore laid him down.

My six companions, who had been feeling a bit nervous, overheard the girl Min McNeil. As soon as she had gasped out her warning, the men stood to horse expecting to hear the order to mount. Hugh McNeil was evidently the leader of the men now in or coming to his cabin, and it was to me very certain that to attempt to avoid trouble by a flight through the wooded hills in the night, leaving these guerrillas free in the rear would be to give them the advantage McNeil knew every trail and he and his men could travel faster on foot than we could on horseback. Once on our front these fellows would buskwhack us, nor give us any chance to resist.

Min having put us on our guard was about to flee back to the cabin, when I restrained her long enough to whisper "Don't blame me if I carry off your father tonight."

"Toto hum ez far ez you uns please and ef you uns tote him so far he can't never come back to that cabin up thar hit won't make me cry no tears."

There was a sob in the girl's voice as she pressed my hand and disappeared in the darkness. It did not take me a half minute to outline my plans to the men and to impress them with the importance of taking the papers from my breast pocket in the event of my being killed or even severely wounded, and getting them through to Mitchell Sill or Negley.

Hitching the horses back from the stream and leaving two men to guard them, with orders to permit no one to approach till we returned, I took the remaining four men and went quietly up the slope to the cabin. Loud laughter and the boisterous voices of many men talking at once convinced me while we were yet fifty yards away that Hugh McNeil had received re-enforcements. At this distance we halted, and I sent one of my men to the cabin to tell Hugh McNeil that I wanted to see him for a few minutes.

Against the shaft of light from the cabin door we could see our comrade and the burly form of McNeil approaching. The mountaineer expected to find me down at the creek, but I well knew that to surprise such a man was to make him physically powerless and mentally incompetent for the time.

"Hugh McNeil, you are my prisoner! If you utter a whisper or move an inch without my order you are a dead man!"

The four cocked carbines pressed against his body convinced him that he must obey. As I took off his hat and tied his hands behind him with a picket rope brought up for the purpose, I could hear the quick, heavy breathing, and the gritting of the teeth that told the effort with which the fellow was restraining himself. It required another threat, after he had been bound, to make him lie down, but he quickly realized that we were in a hurry and meant business. One of the men was detailed to watch McNeil, which left only four including myself, to deal with the gang in the cabin but the advantage was on our side.

Audacity and judicious surprise are the strongest allies of the trooper. There were eight men smoking inside the cabin, all lank desperate looking fellows, with powder horns and pullet pouches slung from their shoulders or waist belts, and their heavy hunting rifles within reach.

"Shoot the first man who lifts a hand!"

The men in the cabin heard this, and they turned to the door to see three troopers covering them with their carbines.

"What in h—l does you uns mean? a feel the iron Feet whom I have mentioned before.

"It means that you fellows are prisoners! Don't move!"

The mountaineers were thoroughly frightened and the bravest offered no resistance while their rifles were being carried out and they were being divested of their ammunition, belts, pistols and knives.

In the darkest corner of the cabin I could see Min McNeil her fine eyes aglow and her breast heaving with excitement. I called to her to leave the place and she instantly obeyed. Then I told the mountaineers that I would station my men about the cabin and that the first one of them that attempted to leave till I had a talk with Hugh in the morning must take the consequences.

My men were moved back, and we made a bonfire of the woodpile which was not about fifty feet in front of the cabin door. Into this fire was built the arms ammunition and belts we had taken from the mountaineers the object being to destroy the stuff, which was of no use to us and at the same time to keep up the impression of our presence on the premises till daylight.

As we were hurrying back to where we left Hugh McNeil the girl stopped me and drawing me aside asked "Is you uns gwine to kill dad?"

"No," I replied, but we'll carry him with us. I may release him after the danger is over."

"Don't kill him fo even though I hain't got no heart fo him he's my dad" she said with a sob.

I assured her that I had no such purpose but at the same time tried to impress her with the fact that a human life particularly that of an enemy was of no account compared with the success of our enterprise.

"If you be" she continued you uns could kinder tote him off till the wah's cleah and Lin Moore kin come back to heer fo me and Hen ez he'll be mighty sad to do hit be a kindness to we uns. I kin make out all alone by myself if he's a-keep a kinder prezner with no chance to drink whisky."

All right Min," I replied, and I pressed into her hand what was left of the Confederate money we had brought along. I was about to move off when, to my surprise she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me. Poor girl as I felt her hot tears on my face I think I understood and honored the emotion that prompted the act. We had made a break in the crushing loneliness and awful monotony of her life and we were a living link connecting her with Lin Moore the gallant fellow in whom all the hopes of her solitary life centered.

She confirmed this sudden impression by whispering.

Tell Lin I don't do nawthing sleepin nor wakin but jist a-thinkin of him and a-prayin for the wah to end that he may come back and take me to live up Bridgeport way."

I promised to do this, and with a heart full of gratitude for the brave girl we left to carry out

What much I hope you may wine to note me" was Hugh McNeil's salutation when I made him rise and walk down to where the horses were waiting.

That depends on how you behave," I said.

He made no response but indicated his feelings by muttering strings of oaths and swearing us that we should all be catched and hanged" before we got out of the hills. He was forced to mount the spare horse but that he might be able the better to retain his seat his hands were fastened in front so that he could rest them on the pommel, but the bridal rein was in the hands of a man who rode by his side.

That our work was quick can be inferred from the fact that we were mounted and moving out of the valley before the powder flashes and arms, left in the fire before the cabin, began to explode and then it sounded for some seconds as if a fight were going on up the hill and the flaming brands hurled into the sky helped to increase the impression.

The moon rose about nine o'clock, but as it was cloudy and threatening rain I was forced every ten minutes to strike a light in the dark woods through which we were traveling entirely by compass I no lie uns after leaving McNeil a cabin it was decided to halt for the night, that the men and horses might be fresh for the rapid march which it was hoped would take us to our friends on the morrow. Our little band was divided into three reliefs. The horses were picketed and unsaddled and the prisoner was made as comfortable as was consistent with his safety.

Toward morning it began to rain and when daylight came a decision must be made impossible to see a hundred yards ahead. We ate of the corn bread and bacon procured from our prisoner the night before giving him his share, though by no means as much as he wanted. When we were again ready to move forward McNeil beckoned me to him for I had forbidden loud talking and asked

Do you uns know what this place is?" and he made a sweep about his head with his bound arms.

Very well I replied.

"What" and he stuck out his chin and glared at me as if he were gloating over my ignorance.

We propose to get through all right, Hugh," I said.

But what of so be you uns should run into a right smart bunch of grays, eh?"

"In that event, Hugh, the first shot fired will be in your brain."

"Do you uns mean that fo dead earnest?"

We do."

"Well may I be d—d." He shook his shaggy head and a look of actual horror took the place of the fierce glitter in his bluish gray eyes. "Ef so be I in gwine to be shot or soon ez you run into the enemy, and you uns look ez of you uns meant hit, I reckon hit'd be more like fah play to give me a chance to get this crowd on the right track."

"Go on; I will listen to you," I said

"Now, is you uns gwine down Stevenson way?"

"We will go in that direction."

"Which way from har?"

I showed him my pocket compass. It was evidently the first he had ever seen, but like all ignorant men he had a contempt for scientific appliances and methods.

"If you uns trust to that cussed little wobblin thing," he said, "hit'll git yo' home 'bout's well as a blime man on hoose boat's well as a blime man on crutches. I've been of them things, but I've never 'lowed that was anything in em, and now that I see one I'm dead shush they ain't worth a sp—n. Now you uns is fo' makin southwest. Waal, that means Confeds. Off har," and he motioned to the northwest, "is the way I'd go ef so be I was a Yank and found myself lost in the woods. Now I'm a-tellin you uns all this, not coz I want to help, but coz I don't want to be kill."

This was good reasoning, and I should have followed the advice had I not known that it would take me away from the place where I expected to find the rest of the men under Brown and Arthur. As a compromise I took a course between the two and pushed ahead. About a mile from our camping place we came upon a trail that led due west, and this it was decided to follow so long as it did not deviate from the course set down.

About the middle of the forenoon, when we were pressing through a particularly dense stretch of woods and undergrowth, the prisoner sat very quiet and looked eagerly about him. I could see he was very much excited, and I reasoned that this must be due to something he heard or saw. I at once called a halt and imitating me the men bent forward in their saddles to listen.

Here again I heard the call of the whippoorwill that had so puzzled me when we were near Chattanooga two nights before. Soon the whippoorwill call was changed to that of a cry of alarm between a shrill shout and a horse's whistle such as I had never heard before. I knew the source of this noise but made no comment while I listened and watched McNeil's face. I could see that he was unconsciously tugging at the rope that held his wrists, and it was the same involuntary impulse that led him to respond, as Lin Moore had done on our first meeting with the bluff, by imitating the "bob white" call of the quail.

We were now quite prepared for the coming of Hugh McNeil's Hen. He had evidently found us without following a trail for he burst into our midst from the thick undergrowth to the right, and as one ran up to his father and began stroking his knees beside the horse just as I have seen a dog manifest affection. He must have expected some return of this demonstration but as it was not made he looked up and saw that his father's hands were bound before him.

A few seconds of surprise, the shot looked wonderingly about him and the resemblance between him and the prisoner was for the moment startling. Suddenly he found tongue and began to howl and bark like a dog and to run from one to the other, as if to inquire the reason for his father's condition or to ask for his release.

You must make that boy stop his noise" I said to McNeil.

The lillot must have understood me, for he suddenly stopped, laid his battered musket on the ground took off the old knapsack, and to my great comfort brought to view the field glasses he had stolen from me. He pushed them into my hand and then began gesticulating and calling out "Dad, no rope! We uns go home! Bow, wow, wow—br-r-r-r-r"

I had made a failure of my previous effort to communicate with Hugh McNeil's Hen so I told the prisoner to explain to him that I must keep him (Hugh) bound till we reached the Union lines.

Come har, Hen." The pilot obeyed. "Now keep your d—n mouth shet or I'll gad yo'"

The poor creature was evidently accustomed to this kind of talk and to rough her treatment for he crouched down and covering his face with his hands he looked up at his father between his fingers.

Tell him he must go home we can't take him along" I said.

That wouldn't be no use in that. Hen he don't know nawthin 'bout home, and he lives bein a scout rail, party much altogether as one mout say, in the woods. You uns mout skeer him off fo a bit but he'd be sure sho ahunt to follah."

About the middle of the afternoon we came to a hill that gave us a fine view north and south for many miles discovering a few farm houses and many cleared fields but what most attracted our attention were silvery smoke puffs, like baby clouds, away below us, and the quick glint here and there of the sun which now shone out bright and clear on what were unmistakably rifles or muskets.

We reined in, but we were too far up and away to catch any sound. My field glasses however, revealed a number of men in gray to the south and others in blue to the north. The firing must have been harmless for the rear guard of the cavalry men in blue wheeled now and then to exchange shots with the enemy fully a half mile away. These I now felt certain were the fifty four men left behind with Brown and Arthur and from the line of their retreat I was sure that the guide Lin Moore, had reached them and reported my instructions. If we could now communicate with our friends I felt that the immediate danger would be over and that we could reach our lines after having carried out every order and made the scout a success.

As the mountaineers was unusually rough and I did not care to kill the horses which we always did if mounted compelled us to proceed on foot, I dismounted one of the men with orders to have our friends halt or return to our assistance if they had passed beyond the line of our advance when the man had reached them. Hugh McNeil's keen eyes took in the situation, and I noticed that his complexion became ashy and his thick lips were compressed with the expression of a man trying to suppress a cry of agony.

As we were out for information and a fight might prove disastrous to our mission we were careful to avoid it unless it became actually necessary to our own preservation. Again we advanced this time with all speed, though frequently we were forced to dismount, so precipitous was the descent. To our alarm our friends kept falling back steadily though it was evident there was no panic among them, and as steadily the mounted men in gray followed. At length we could hear the report of the rifles and the yelling of the pursuing cavalry. As it would be courting ruin to go down into the valley, and it was impossible to make headway along the side of the mountain a halt was called at a point where a mass of rocks afforded a good point for defense and all dismounted.

Our precaution here was soon discovered by the Confederates, and I saw a dozen or more cutting off from the right of their little line and facing the hill at a gallop. Soon they had to dismount and come up afoot, and I was glad to see that their force, weakened by the men left to hold the horses, was not so wildly superior as at the start, yet they had pluck, though they showed that they were green and nervous by firing long before there was a chance of their reaching us.

"Lie down and make Hen lie beside you!" I called out to Hugh McNeil, who, with his bound arms resting on a rock in front and his son standing beside him and echoing the cracking of the rifles in a startlingly realistic way, watched the men in gray struggling up the hill.

He hesitated, then suddenly obeyed, pulling his son down by his side. What with watching the enemy and turning my glasses now and then in the direction from which our friends were expected, I lost sight of the prisoner. The scouts I was glad to see, were as cool as at any time since we crossed the Tennessee, and without any orders they reserved their fire till they could distinguish the men who wore beards among the enemy from those who had mustaches only, then they opened. The Confederates halted, and they threw themselves on the ground so quickly that it was hard to tell the effect of the seven carbines fired from a rest at barely one hundred yards.

By this time I discovered that the enemy in sight were no stronger than ourselves if we could get all together, but instead of following our men in the valley they turned to the mountain and began to hurry up on foot. They had come within about 200 yards when I heard a shout from one of my men, and turning in his direction I saw Hugh McNeil and his son sloping down the mountain and in the direction of the enemy.

At once and from both sides the firing increased, and I saw the two fugitives falling on their faces, but I was in no mood to think of the reason I subsequently found that the idiot had freed his father by means of the barlow knife I had given him two days before in exchange for a copy of the Chattanooga Rebel.

Telling the men to keep up their fire I took my papers from my pocket and was in the act of striking a match with the intention of burning them before the enemy could come up when I heard a cheer down the hill, then my boys leaped to their feet, tossed up their hats and hurrahed till they were red in the face. I sprang up the rocks and saw the Confederates in full retreat and two score dismounted men in blue in hot pursuit.

I put away the papers and matches, and we went down the hill till halted by Lin Moore who in his joy embraced me.

He had come to a stop beside Hugh McNeil who had been shot through the head, but by which side it was impossible to say. Hugh McNeil's Hen was shot through the breast, and the death pallor on his face and the crimson froth about the lips told that the end was near.

The poor fellow recognized Lin Moore and tried to rise. Failing in this, he reached up his hands and, like a distant echo of his former greetings gave the cry of the whippoorwill, and the guide responded with a "bob white."

They've done fo' you uns, poro boy! poro Hugh McNeil's Hen!" sobbed Lin Moore, and he knelt and lifting the idiot's head held the canteen to his lips.

Hugh McNeil's Hen, preparatory to drinking, drew his freckled hand across his mouth. It was damp and looking at it as if to discover the cause, he saw the crimson stain of which he had such an innate horror then he closed his eyes with a shudder.

Supposing that he was dead, Lin Moore laid him down, but once more the eyes opened and remained open, and there came with his last breath a faint whistle like "bob white."

There was no time to bury the dead and we had no wounded. We hurried to meet Brown and the men who had come to our rescue.

As we rode along I told Lin Moore how Min had befriended us, and that without her assistance our success would have been far from complete.

"I ought to've married fifteen or twenty yeah agone ef I'd been sot that way," said Lin, "but I wasn't, and I reckon I'd no ah thought of such a thing of Min hadn't growed up so kind and purty and so different from most gals I've seed. She's one of them as'll wash without losin color. And now that Hugh McNeil's gone she and me'll hitch the sooner."

In reply to my question as to what the girl would do in the meantime, the guide said that she would be sure to make her way to Jasper "nigh to which" some of her mother's kin lived.

Just seventeen months after this, when scouting in the same country I found that Min had done as the guide said. I also found that Lin had married her and that she had a baby. But Mrs. Moore was a widow, her husband having been killed a few months before in the advance of Rosecrans through Will's valley beyond the Tennessee.

THE END

The Passing of David

A leader of his party lay waiting in suspense
There was no lack of "cussing," but woeful lack of sense
His henchman stood beside him as his chances ebbed away
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say
The leader slightly faltered as he took his henchman's hand
And he said "I never never shall reach the promised land
Take this message I beseech you to those distant friends so kind—
That Grover's sacked the orange' and left me with the rind
"Tell the Crokers and McLaughlins, as you meet the crowd around,
To talk the matter over on the houses stamping ground.
That I fought the battle bravely, and when the day was o'er
The disappointed boomers lay thick upon the floor
And mid the dead and wounded were some that I deplore
And the scars upon their faces showed the fights which they'd been in
And, though I am a Democrat, my little boom's declined.
When Grover's 'sacked the orange' and left me with the rind.
"Oh, friends, I hope you'll never have this presidential itching,
Although the visions I have had were really quite enriching.
And, friends, I hope you'll never be in my sad situation,
And try to see me as I have done, the party's speculation,
And see, when almost near enough to grasp the glittering jewel,
Another person snatch the prize—I tell you, friends, it's cruel."
At this his trembling voice gave out, and then he made a sign,
Like one who swallows bitter pills or chokes with bit of rind
His chin drooped low upon his breast, as bowed his stricken head,
And then like messages of demagogues, poor David Hill, was dead.

—New York Tribune.

A Plain Issue.

With Cleveland as the Democratic leader there can be no mistaking the issue. If he is defeated his defeat will be the death blow of the false cause which he represents. It is desirable, in the interests of all concerned, that the approaching conflict between the two antagonistic ideas of protection and free trade should be decisive.—Boston Journal.

A Transparent Fraud.

What a howl went up from the Democratic press when some of the federal officeholders worked for President Harrison at Minneapolis. Yet at Chicago there were five ex-members of Cleveland's cabinet with their coats off in behalf of the ex-president. What a transparent fraud the Democratic party is anyway.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

—Buy the Rowson weave. It is the best in the world. At Sprague's hardware store.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

A MOUNTAIN MAID

By ALFRED B. CALHOUN.

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"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

If Bragg had shown as much energy in the three days following Chickamauga as he did in that imaginary conflict he could have marched into Chattanooga without serious resistance, but a delay of forty-eight hours gave Thomas an opportunity to fall back with his own veterans and to reorganize the corps of Crittenden and McCook. When Bragg did move he found the Union troops in the works before Chattanooga and guarding it from the west bank of the river, and with characteristic caution he reconnoitered Lookout street a pass for an immediate assault, and at once laid siege to the place.

The siege of that same siege of Chattanooga forms one of the most thrilling chapters of the war, and history affords no parallel to its dramatic termination. The Confederates not only held the three railroads that entered Chattanooga, but their cavalry, under Wheeler, poured over the Tennessee and planted themselves in force along the valleys and hills, over and through which ran the Manmingville wagon road, the only avenue by which the Union troops could hope to get supplies till they were re-enforced.

Never before or afterward did that magnificent Army of the Cumberland exhibit such devotion and endurance as during the siege of Chattanooga for the six weeks following the disaster at Chickamauga. Winter was coming on, but a majority of the men were without overcoats or blankets, many of them were barefooted, and they did not have, when cut off from the railroads, full rations for men and animals for ten days. But true to their splendid record, the brave fellows fought their battle and stuck it out for weeks on a handful of parched corn a day.

In early October the enemy captured and held MacMinnville for a short time, and destroyed a large train making for Chattanooga. Our cavalry, under McCook, Mitchell and Long, started to clean out Wheeler, and this was eventually done, but not without much hard riding and fierce fighting.

I was scouting in the direction to the west of Sequatchie valley, in Marion county, Tennessee, at this time, with orders being to watch and report the movements of the Confederates under Armstrong, who commanded a division in Wheeler's corps. In appearance and speech the people in this part of Tennessee are exactly like those in the Cumberland range to the north, though the Union feeling was not so strong, more than one-half the men in and about the Sequatchie valley having voluntarily entered the Confederate army.

We were resting and grazing our horses one morning along a little stream running down from the hills to the north, when, in order to get a better view of the surrounding country, I clambered up a mass of rocks that rose for several hundred feet above our temporary camp. I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and looking in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe. But to my relief I discovered that the sound was made by a tin pail in the hand of a girl who had come to a halt on an elevation about twenty feet behind me, and but little higher up. The pail was filled with beechnuts, which the girl was munching with astonishing coolness and a display of appetite with which I was in perfect sympathy.

She might have been seventeen years of age, but she had all the grace of movement and the delightful ease of manner that make children so attractive. Her thin dress hung half way between her bare brown feet and her knees. It was fastened at the waist with a cord that brought out the exquisite lines of bust and hips. The hands, like the feet, were shapely and brown, and the face, framed in a tangle of dark, sun tinged hair, was a clear olive, tinted on the cheeks with a warmer shade. The perfect lips revealed what is natural with those mountain women, and that is as perfect a set of pearly teeth as I had ever seen.

With her head thrown slightly back, her left hand resting on her hip, and her right foot advanced with the hand that held the pail, and a chaplet of crimson leaves not tipsily on her head, that girl formed one of the prettiest pictures I had ever seen, and as I looked at her in undisguised admiration she reminded me of the bacchante of whom I had read in my mythological studies.

I must confess that I was more surprised than if I had been confronted with a man in gray with a gun, but not all my lady with the crimson chaplet. Her big, brown eyes took me in from my tidy boots to my shockingly bad hair. She placed her left hand to her mouth as if to direct the sound, and called out in a voice that could be heard distinctly down at the camp:

"Hello, mister!"

"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

"Is you uns down thar Yankee?" she asked, with a wave of the brown arm from myself to the valley.

"Yes, sister," I replied; "we uns all Yankee."

"Then you uns had orter be 'shamed o' yourselv"

"I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Yes, a heap sight sorry you uns 'peak to be," and the pretty upper lip was curved at the corner, giving another tantalizing glimpse of the pearly teeth. Then, with forcible directness and a heightened glow on the cheeks that told of indignation: "What fo' do you uns all come down heah to fight we uns all? We uns don't want to fight you uns if you uns let we uns alone."

[Continued next week.]

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Boils, Felons Bunions, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is soothing and healing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 50 and 25 cent boxes.

Jefferson County Times

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Terms of Subscription.

Payable in advance, one year $1 50; six months 75 cts.; three months, 37½ cts.

Advertising Rates.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Special advertisements 1½ cents per line for each insertion.

Orders by the year or for six or three months are kept standing, and will be furnished on application. Executors and administrators notices $1.50 each for six insertions.

Professional cards, not exceeding one inch in the year, $5.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to

C. BONIECE & SON
Editors and Proprietors

Smethport, Pa., July 8, 1892

OUR CANDIDATES.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

NATIONAL

For President
BENJAMIN HARRISON
of Indiana

For Vice-President
WHITELAW REID
of New York

STATE

Judge of the Supreme Court
JOHN DEAN
of Tioga Co.

Congressmen-at-Large
CHARLES W. STONE
of Warren Co.
MAJOR ALEXANDER M. BRADLEY
of Monroe Co.

Electors-at-Large

H. F. Jones, Pittsburg; W. Penn Wood, Philadelphia; J. P. Dunlap, Lancaster; C. W. Watson, Delaware.

COUNTY

Representative to Congress
For the Thirty-second District
C. W. STONE
of Warren County.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce that D. W. Smith of Port Allegany will be a candidate for State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican County and District Conventions.

Knowing Mr. Smith personally, and having long known him by reputation as a gentleman of honor, integrity and ability, we cheerfully recommend his candidature to the Republicans of the district, and trust that they will honor him with a nomination.

A. E. LEWIS,
Editor Port Allegany Reporter.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that H. K. Hyde, of Ridgway, will be a candidate for Congress, subject to the decision of the Republican Congressional Conventions.

H. H. SCHOFF,
Editor Ridgway Democrat.

FOR CONGRESS.

Knowing Mr. Hyde personally and having long known him by reputation as a gentleman of honor, integrity and ability, we cheerfully recommend his candidature to the Republicans of the district, and trust that they will honor him with a nomination.

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H. H. SCHOFF,
Editor Democrat, Ridgway, Pa.

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H. H. SCHOFF,
Editor Democrat, Ridgway, Pa., May 1, '92.

FOR CONGRESS.

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Knowing Mr. Hyde personally, and having long known him by reputation as a gentleman of honor, integrity and ability, we cheerfully recommend his candidature to the Republicans of the district, and trust that they will honor him with a nomination.

C. BONIECE,
Editor Jefferson County Times, Smethport, Pa., May 1, '92.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for representative of the 32d district, composed of the counties of McKean, Elk and Cameron, subject to the decision of the Republican Congressional Conventions.

H. H. SCHOFF,
Editor Democrat, Ridgway, Pa., May 1, '92.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for representative of the 32d district, composed of the counties of McKean, Elk and Cameron, subject to the decision of the Republican Congressional Conventions.

H. H. SCHOFF,
Editor Democrat, Ridgway, Pa., May 1, '92.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce that W. D. Brown of Kidder township will be a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

DAVID H. WILLIS.

Ridgway Pa., May 1, 1892.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Thomas Kennedy, of Ridgway township, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

DAVID H. WILLIS.

Ridgway Pa., May 1, 1892.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Thomas Kennedy, of Ridgway township, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

DAVID H. WILLIS.

Smethport, May 1, 1892.

Republican County Convention.

Republican county orders will be held in accordance with the rules adopted by the Republican party of McKean county, on Saturday, June 18, at the customary hours, to elect delegates to the Republican County Convention, which will be held at Smethport on Tuesday, June 21, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the following purposes:

To nominate two candidates for Associate Judges.

To nominate a candidate for County Treasurer.

Also to elect a chairman of the County Committee and to transact such other business as may properly come before the County Convention.

The basis of representation in the several districts will be as follows:

By order of the Republican County Committee of McKean county.

H. H. SCHOFF,
Secretary.

Ridgway, June 1, 1892.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Republican Printing Company, for the election of directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, in Smethport, Pa., on Monday, July 11, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m.

W. H. SCHOFF,
Secretary.

Smethport

McKean County Items

THE GREAT ENCAMPMENT

The Encampment of the Grand Ar which will be held in Washington September next will be the greatest ering of veterans ever witnessed

—John Parker Melvin, son of T J. Melvin, and Miss Ada S Laner, daughter of Mrs and the late W h Laner all of Bradford were united in marriage on that Tuesday evening by Rev J C Mckenzie The happy couple are both well known young people and have a of friends in and around the city bappiness in their married life

Smethport Pa July 8 '89

Al

PERSONAL MENTION

We would direct the a large & Cheap lot of frockets consisting in the latest brands sold by us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office

Fred Bacarat has gone from Johnsonburg the past week

Arthur Lewis of Wilcox is visiting his uncle Levi Chase

H general Hill Armstrong of Lafayette was in town Monday

C M Sayre has of Coleville was among the Mixed callers Tuesday

Mr and Mrs George Graff of Mt Alt spent Sunday in town

Mr Chas Howard from Hartwell Ind is the guest of Fred H Mayo

Hart Hamilton son of Warren is visiting his sister Mrs Lewis Hamilton

Misses Gertie Andrews of Mt Alton is the guest of Mrs N H Knapp

Charles F Hamlin returned on Wednesday from an exhibit in Massachusetts Fruit

Miss Della Hill of Olean spent Sunday with Miss Lena Hill of this place

Charles A Burk of Emporium is visiting friends in Smethport this week

Miss Sarah Lindly has returned to Mt Alton after a visit at Bradford friends

Miss Kate Hagerty of Bradford is the guest of friends here

Mrs J M Reed has returned from Mt Jackson after a visit with friends there

Mrs Sparks and Mrs A A Barnes visited in Mt Jackson Tuesday

Mrs Hon Dalzell of Mt Alton is the guest of Mrs Dr Hamlin

Mrs Dr Hamlin has returned from Mt Jackson after a visit with friends there

EARL MONARCH STOCK FARM,

The home of Earl Monarch, Valeureaux and Billy Sherman.

VALENREAUX 12193,

Hoof No. 10, foaled in France, March the 24th 1887 and imported in 1889, by Powell Brothers of the Shadeland Stock Farm, Springboro, Pa. bred by M. Verriet, commune of Saint Maixent department of Sarthe—got by Mouton 3705, he by Coco 5201, he by Coco belonging to M. Tardieu—dam Marmotte 13322. Has been duly entered for registry in Vol. V of the Percheron Stud Book of America, and his recorded number is 12,958.

Valeureaux stands 16 hands, 2 1-2 high and weighs 1 ton pounds. He is 5 years old this spring, is a beautiful grey, and of unusual smoothness of build.

Valeureaux is the only imported Percheron stallion in McKean county, and he is registered in France in the French Government Stud Book, also in the Percheron Stud book of America. He is the finest horse of Percheron stallion in McKean county, and was awarded first premium at the McKean county fairs in 1890 and 1891.

I would like all parties interested in breeding good stock to come and see my horses and their colts before they breed. I will not show you a horse higher behind than he is in front. I believe and away back. But I will show you two of the handsomest stallions in the county. For pedigree of Earl Monarch and Billy Sherman in full, call on or address

W. H. PICARD Smethport, Pa.

At the Furniture and Carpet Store:

New Furniture,
New Carpets,
New Wall Paper,
New Window Shades,
And a full line of
Baby Carriages.

Goods and prices to suit everybody. Give us a call.

Goods and Prices to Suit Everybody.

Furniture and Carpet Co.

A. KELLY, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

LOOK -:- HERE.

Read and Be Wise!

On and after April 15, 1892, the undersigned will give every cash customer trading at his store to the amount of $25 or $50, their choice of one of the following beautiful articles of Silverware free of charge:

Silver Plated Sugar Bowl.	Silver Plated Pickle Dish
Silver Plated Butter Dish.	Set Silver Plated Knives
Silver Plated Cream Pitcher.	Set Silver Plated Forks.
Silver Plated Spoon Holder	

And an article for each additional $25 or $50, for a period of from six months to one year, thus giving each one many customers a chance to secure a valuable piece of silverware without costing them a penny.

All goods are sold as cheap as the market will allow. Remember the place, corner of Main and Mill streets.

P. D. HOPKINS,

Smethport, Pa. April 11, 1892.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 Cents.

Central Pharmacy. C. A. BERDICK,

FRANK R FOSTER,

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Fancy Goods,

TOILET ARTICLES, &C

AGENT FOR

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

FRANK R. FOSTER,

PHARMACIST.

Grand Central Hotel Building, Smethport.

EMIL THAMM,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS

and dealer in

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO

PIPES, ETC

49 MAI STREET,

SMETHPORT, PA

Next door to Miller's Dress Store. Trade Mark.

CARPETS!

We are now receiving our spring stock of carpets, fresh from the looms, elegant designs and patterns, and bought just at the right time when wool was the lowest it has been for twenty five years. We will give our customers the advantage of the low price and make it an object for any person wanting carpets to come many miles. Before purchasing call and examine.

FURNITURE & CARPET CO.,

Smethport, Pa.

Pretty strong reasons for trying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. In the first place, it cures your catarrh—no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing. It doesn't simply palliate—it *cures*. If you believe it, so much the better. There's nothing more to be said. You get it for 50 cents, from all druggists.

But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get $500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

Imported French Draft Stallion

JEAN CHOUAN,

Registered in National Stud Book of France No. 1196. Imported from France April 1, 1891. Registered by National French Draft Horse Association of America, volume 2, No. 1196. Color dapple grey; foaled April 26, 1887; weight 1,850 pounds.

Jean Chouan stands in the season of 1892 at Palmer's Corners, Water Street Pa., and may be found at that place every Monday and Tuesday. He will make the following stands:

Smethport, Pa., Monday and Tuesday.
Palmer's Corners, Wednesday.
Farmer Village, Thursday.
Lafayette, Friday.
Port Allegany, Saturday.

Jean Chouan is a handsome dapple grey, weighs 1,850 pounds, and is a sure foal getter. Terms made known on application.

Manager.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

A GENERATION—A CENTURY—GENERATION

SOOTHING-HEALING

Prepared only by Boston, Mass. Johnson & Co.

Every Sufferer

FIRST-CLASS BLACKSMITHING!

HORSESHOEING.

SLEIGHS.

Can Cure A Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs

CHAS. W. LITTLEFIELD.

Smethport, Pa.

M. A. WOODBURY,

Dealer in Bicycles, Guns, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball Goods, Lawn Tennis Goods, Sporting Goods of all kinds.

Repairing a specialty. Prices reasonable. Work guaranteed.

Bicycles and Sundries. Repairing promptly attended to.

Ladies Bicycle a specialty. Rifles and Revolvers. Guns and Ammunition.

It will pay you to see these machines before buying.

Bargains in Second Hand Safeties.

GLEASON & LEMMLER

Successors to and Manufacturers of

HARNESS

OF EVERY STYLE AND CHARACTER

Which they will sell at the

LOWEST RATES.

They also keep a full supply of

Saddles, Blankets, Whips, Etc.

Also a large and complete assortment of

TRUNKS & VALISES

Which they propose to sell at unprecedentedly low prices. Call and see them at their store in Gleason's Block, Main St., next door to Smethport National Bank.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa., March 12, 1890.

Engines, Boilers & Steam Pumps.

Wood and Iron Working Machinery, Shafting Hangers & Wood Pulleys. Contractors Hoisting Engines, Double Engines for Coal Hauling. Write for catalogue.

SHERIFF MACHINERY CO.,

90 Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rock-a-bye, baby. In the tree top. In next November. Something will drop.

THE MIDNIGHT PLOT

The Democratic Assault on Our Industrial Interests.

The tariff plank in the Chicago platform is a direct assault on all the industrial interests of the republic. If it passes, if Mr. Cleveland is elected, free trade as soon as he and his followers are strong enough to get at it.

It is fitting that this midnight assassination of the great policy which has made the United States the most prosperous nation in the world should have been planned in the darkness of night, not in the clear sunlight of open day. The plot will fail. The conspirators will be foiled.

Governor McKinley, quoting the great General Manning the other evening said, "Free trade means cash times, the world of wealth and the world of want." The intelligent voters of the country will, irrespective of party ties, their ballots next November against the creation of a world of want" in the United States. You can always, said Mr. McKinley, trust the people of the United States to vote for themselves, and remember that the campaign this year was waged under the banner of President Harrison, is a campaign in the United States, for the United States, against all mankind." Mr. Cleveland will wage, as he waged four years ago, a campaign in the interest of the British manufacturer.

The London News, referring to the Minneapolis convention, said: "The Canadian selected will stand as the champion of protection, which blocks the American market against British manufacturers. A Republican victory in the coming election would retard for a long time the progress of the sound commercial doctrines that underlie the commercial greatness of Great Britain and alone maintain British ascendency. Mr. Cleveland is the ideal British candidate, and if his policy can be carried out British ascendency will be the result. A vote for him will be a vote for England and for English and Irish Americans, what do you think about it? Down the Anglo-American Tory candidate!" New York Recorder.

Two Records.

It is Harrison against Cleveland. The one rebuked by success at the polls, by an administration which even his political opponents have commended, and a Republican congress. The other has behind him defeat and the work of a congress whose wilful acts have left many influential Democratic papers to congratulate the people upon the possession of a veto Republican president who could be trusted to stand as a breakwater between the country and vicious legislation. Behind him also is a divided party in the potential state. Harrison was four years ago. Today he is stronger than then. Hostile opponents would not dare these words to come around the doubtful Troy Times.

The Tariff Is Weak.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Stevenson will strengthen the ticket in the matter of bringing to the polls doubtful voters. In 1888, and in 1888 Harrison's plurality was only 2,818 in a total vote of 558,949. But Blaine gave 17,122 Republican plurality in 1884 and 24,195 in 1888, with a total vote in the latter year of 547,676. The chances that the Democrats might carry Illinois with a popular local candidate are much less than that they might carry Indiana by the aid of a state favorite. Philadelphia Ledger.

What Tammany Will Be Interested.

If the intelligent citizen will consider for a moment what the election of Mr. Cleveland would mean for Mr. Hill and for the men who now run Tammany Hall and control the vast patronage of this city, worth to them thousands of dollars where the federal patronage is worth one he may possibly guess how profoundly they will be interested in his success and how much effort they will put forth in his behalf after they have gone through the form of the voting the ticket. New York Tribune.

All Together, Now.

There are no chowder parties now than are many of those who opposed Benjamin Harrison's renomination. There are, by joining with all other good Republicans and making "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together" for a great Republican victory, they are going to change individual disappointments into individual and united successes.—Boston Advertiser.

The Tammany Hoodoo.

Tammany Hall is certainly a power in local and state politics, but it seems to be unfortunate at national conventions. It will be remembered that John Kelly fought the nomination of Tilden to the last at St. Louis in 1876. In 1884 Tammany was bitterly opposed to Cleveland and is fighting him again.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

The Paramount Issue.

The question in this year's campaign is whether American or foreign manufacturers are to be fostered by the American government.—Trenton Gazette.

Wail of the Turned Down.

Left! I've seen it in The Sun. It's so!
To what an end hath come ten years
Of scheming, cunning and chicane!
The toil hath been in vain. Oh, stab
Light of ambition, thou basest of
To suppose. There's nothing here that's
Mine. All's busted. Where are my
Leaders? Vanished, save, perhaps, the
Blue eyed lolly Cleveland and little
Pet Watterson. "I am the State,"
Said ancient David. I say so too. I've
Been one. I've seed fish eats myself
While so far Dana.
What's use in words to place
A blanket mortgage on the fury thereof
Here's it. I am out. Out, full!
Pay. You, more eliminate it. All
That is grass that withereth. Not
Not to a subpoena. Time doth
Bring about revenge, and mine
Enemies have had theirs. Oh, Nature,
Why does there to shedding tears.
So 'tis! It that he cannot kick
Himself? Murphy, McLaughlin, Oyster,
Tryons of sin, where were you? pals!
Let's wast our sighs.
—New York Recorder.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

—Fancy and staple groceries at very lowest. Emil Thamm's.

A WEAK TICKET.

The Democratic Candidates Have a Record of Defeat.

The Democratic party has chosen its ticket and could not possibly have pleased Republicans better than by the nominations it has made. Its candidates smell of defeat. Mr. Cleveland was beaten at the last presidential election. Mr. Stevenson, after two terms in congress, was defeated by the people in 1880, and though he ran as Greenback and Democratic candidate pandering to the worst financial heresies, was set aside by the voters of his district in at least two successive campaigns as useless lumber. The ticket might prop each other. Cleveland, Yesterday and Day Before Yesterday.

The nomination of Mr. Cleveland has been hopefully anticipated by all his political opponents. Democrats know that Mr. Cleveland is weaker than he was four years ago. He lacks now the enormous power so effectively exerted in his behalf by Secretaries Whitney, Vilas, Fairchild and other cabinet officers, and by the host of federal officials who had been carefully selected during a four years' term for their ability to control votes. New York Tribune.

Cleveland and the Irish.

Watterson—professed and earnest sympathy for those lovers of freedom who are struggling for home rule and the great cause of local self government in Ireland. Demagogue Dunham.

Struck a big pin there!

In 1888 Mr. Cleveland, the nominee of the Chicago convention, was president of the United States. His secretary of state, Mr. Bayard, and his minister to England, Mr. Phelps, agreed upon an extradition treaty with the British government under the terms of which every Irish patriot who had made himself obnoxious to England and had fled to this country would no doubt be sent back to England for the dungeon or the scaffold.

That infamous treaty was killed by a Republican senate.

Irish memories are long and Irish revenge is sweet.

The Anglo-Democratic candidate for the presidency named at Chicago will never again be the chief magistrate of this republic.—New York Recorder.

Tammany's Revenge.

New York is the most doubtful state of the east, and Indiana the most doubtful state of the west. Knowing the weakness of Cleveland in New York, the plan of his managers was to take the most powerful candidate from Indiana. The tactics were good and the Democrats are well satisfied. Indiana deprived them of a presidential candidate [illegible] Philadelphia Press.

Solid South Will Be Broken.

Cleveland will lose four, if not five, southern states, and Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, will be well also in that same way. Why will Ransom be unstable in their leadership? Mr. Cleveland is not as strong as he was in 1888, and it is the supreme duty of those to build our hopes of success on the bare prospect of Republican defection. Why, every Republican in the land will be shouting for Harrison before November. People should have a little more sense in politics.—Associated Press Dispatch.

A Tariff Picture.

In thirteen months the number of cotton mills in active operation increased from 161 [illegible] 239 in 1891 to [illegible]

Yet the Democratic tariff plank, modeled after the tariff section of the confederate constitution, denounces as robbery the system of protection under which this [illegible] industrial development has occurred. New York Press.

The Value of Reciprocity.

The immense practical value of reciprocity to all classes, and particularly to the farmers of the United States, becomes more apparent every month as the statistics of foreign commerce show its effects in widening the markets for American products in every country with which treaties of reciprocal trade have been negotiated.—Cleveland Leader.

Doomed to Defeat.

That the Democratic platform of 1892 is placed before the country for rejection by the people is, in our judgment, as certain as any political event five months distant in the future can be, for reasons that have already been pressed upon the party by its own most sagacious advisers.—New York Commercial Advertiser (Ind. Dem.).

A Conservative Opinion.

Ex Governor Sherman thinks that the Republicans will carry Iowa in any event by 20,000 this year, and would not be surprised to see it go over 30,000. The ex-governor's hopefulness is shared by all the Republicans in the state.—Iowa State Register.

The Ladies and the Tiger.

Now and for the few weeks following it will be quite safe for even children and ladies to pat the Tammany tiger on the head and stroke its fuzzy fur.—Chicago News Record.

The Slot Machine.

The convention dropped Cleveland in the slot and will get a kettle of soup in November.—Philadelphia Press.

History Repeats Itself.

'Twill be the old fight over
Between the same two men:
The old result, new Grover
Knocked out by Hoosier Ben.
—Kansas City Journal.

—A fine line of confectionary, tobacco and cigars just received at Howard F. Wilcox's, at the novelty restaurant. All fresh and new. No old ones.

Mr. Beecher's Love of Books.

When we had been a few years in Brooklyn Mr. Beecher could in some degree gratify his tastes for works of art, gems, paintings and especially books. He had always earnestly desired to possess a large, well selected library, and now intended, by degrees, to secure it. But temptations in a large bookstore were almost irresistible, and sometimes, before he was aware, he had indulged beyond his intentions, and these mistakes were often the cause of great amusement to us both.

Returning from one unusual "raid," he would come to me with the semblance of great distress, but making a laughable failure of it, and lament over the great temptations that wayland him in every case. "And where is human nature so weak and helpless as in a bookstore," he would say. "The appetite for drink cannot be half so powerful as the temptations which beset a book lover in a large, richly furnished bookstore."

"Well, how largely have you invested in books to-day?" I asked once.

"Did I say I had bought any? I was speaking of the temptations. But you know how little skill I have in figures. When tempted to buy expensive books I endeavor to take account of stock' (isn't that the proper business expression) and learn just how much I can afford to spend, but you know the bill comes in much ahead of my reckoning. You wouldn't laugh. Am I to blame because I am not expert in figures?"

Of course I knew there was a lot of lookers on the way. But no one could resist the quaint humor mingled with the pretension of ignorance.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Policeman as a Consoler.

There was a surprised and very indignant young woman in Fourteenth street, near Union square, a day or two ago. The sky was cloudy and the young woman carried a costly and nicely rolled umbrella. Wholly intent upon some particular mission, she hurried along with the noble Ida almost trailing at her side. She failed to observe the close proximity of a vicious street gamin until she felt a sudden wrench on the umbrella, and looked down to find that the stick had been broken in the middle, and the cunning perpetrator of the mischief was dancing with delight a few feet away. She looked the insolent urchin down in disgust her broken umbrella, she consoled her in this fashion: "Yes, lady, I know about that trick. Them boys is terrors. They break a dozen umbrellas just like that every day. And that don't cost of jaire cussedness, lady, for a fact."—New York Times.

A Point for Kite Fliers.

A correspondent writing upon the "thrill," in a locality of large buildings guided roof, says: "I find that the temptation to fasten a newly kite from the roof is almost beyond control to be resisted, has induced the following method:

Build on a large platform, probably twenty feet square, constructed on his housetop. This is inclosed in an iron railing, high enough to prevent the little ones from leaning over and yet not too high to interfere with the sport.

On almost every pleasant afternoon during the kite season he is to be found there flying his kite with the others. He seems to enjoy the sport keenly, and at the same time, during his absence, he can rest satisfied in knowing that his children will not fall off the housetop and that he will not pay the penalty of his enthusiasm in having to repair a leaky tin roof.—New York Herald.

Monstrosities in Art.

It is a remarkable example of the accommodating disposition of our sense of beauty that though we are well instructed in the principles of morphology, our eyes are not more offended by some of the surface creatures, such as the winged figures of Nike and the angels, and it would perhaps be pedantic and idle to forbid artists these time honored, rather symbolical representations, of which the greatest masters of the best periods have only made a very moderate use. But such toleration has its limits.—E. Du Bois Reymond in Popular Science Monthly.

Cleveland's Toboggan.

1887	192,854	For
1888	1,110	For
1888	14,373	Against
1892		Out of sight

—Albany Journal.

Renders Harrison's Election Easy.

The action of the Chicago convention has rendered the re-election of Mr. Harrison an easy and grateful task.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never Fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, corns and skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank R. Foster, Druggist.

Hon. W. V. Lucas, ex State Auditor of Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or cold will find it a friend." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist.

—RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport.

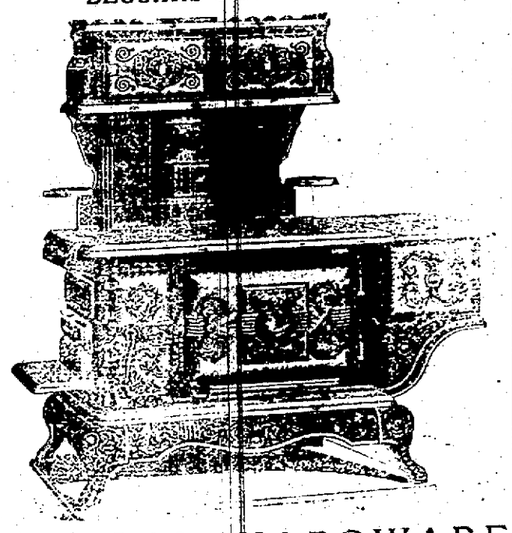
PIONEER HARDWARE STORE.

SMITH & WELKER, Proprietors,

KANE, PA.

Without Low Prices we keep to the front with the Greatest Stock of HARDWARE Ever Brought to Kane.

OUR STOCK of COOK and HEATING STOVES BEGGARS DESCRIPTION.



GENERAL HARDWARE

(Including everything in that line)

Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, At Wholesale and Retail. Roofing, Spouting And General Job Work done in a Neat and Workmanlike Manner at Reasonable Rates.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Competition Defied.

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET

Wholesale and Retail

FOR A

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked.

FOR

FRESH & SALT FISH

AND FOR ALL

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

I will also pay the highest price for

STOCK AND HIDES

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF

Nearly opposite Catholic church Main st.

J. F. ROONEY.

CONFECTIONERY -:- AND -:- FRUITS!

My present stock of fine candies surpasses any heretofore shown in this section, and embraces all the finest as well as cheaper grades. Among the novelties may be mentioned

BON-BON BOXES, FINE CRYSTALIZED FRUITS,

French Mixed in 5-pound Boxes---Very Fine,

Chocolate Creams of all kinds, etc. Also a complete stock of

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts, Etc.

Everything in the line of Gents' Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, Silk Handkerchiefs too numerous to mention, Mufflers, Collars and Cuffs, and the largest line of Neckwear to be found in the city. I am headquarters for

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases, MatchSafes, in fact everything in the Smokers' line.

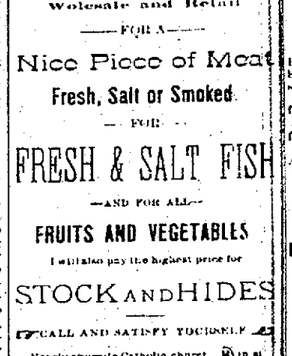
GOODS AND PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

GEO. A. BACKUS,

Opposite Court House, Main Street, Smethport.

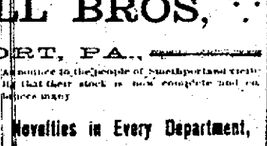
BROWNELL BROS,

SMETHPORT, PA.,



We are sole agents of the above Suspenders,

Groceries and Provisions and the Best Brands of Flour in the Market.



Don't bother with leaky roofs when you can get the Mallé Brand Wire Edge Ready Roofing, manufactured at Pittsburgh, Pa., at about one half the cost of shingles, and will last a life time.

4-ply Roll covers 100 square feet surface. $1.50.

3 ply Roll covers same amount of surface. $2.00.

Any amount furnished on short notice. Apply to C. K. SARTWELL,

Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT,

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

AND -:- FRUITS!

Novelties in Every Department,

Designed for the

EVERY-DAY-TRADE.

OUR SPECIALTY DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of canned and bottled goods, including fruits, vegetables, meats soups, etc.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT embraces all the latest fabrics in Dress Goods, White Goods, Table Linens, Damasks, &c.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT can not be beat. Shoes for Ladies' Misses' and Children's wear. Also Men's Youths' and Boys' Boots and Shoes of every description.

We have also in stock a full line of Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gloves and Mittens.

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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

T. H. PURTLE

General Blacksmithing,

CARRIAGE AND WAGGON WORK.

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

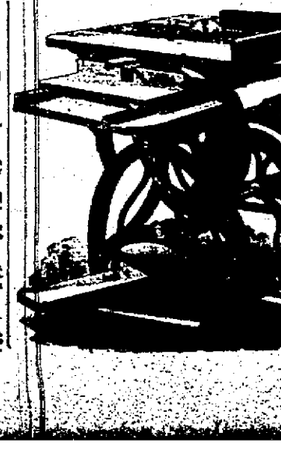
Having bought out the carriage and wagon making business of John Servatius, I am now prepared to do all work in the above lines.

CARRIAGE PAINTING A SPECIALTY!

Repairing in all its branches promptly done by the aid of competent workmen. I am able to turn out first class work at moderate prices.

Agent for Edmund's Celebrated Hoof Expander, a positive cure for contracted feet. A reward of $500 will be paid for any case of contraction that cannot be cured by the use of this contrivance.

AGENTS WANTED



HAND

FOOT POWER

Circular Saw.

Iron Frame, Steel Shafts and Arbor. Machine Cut Gears. Centre of Table made of iron.

Send for Catalogue giving full Description and Prices of our Hand and Foot Power Machinery.

J. M. MARSTON & CO.,

Station A.

BOSTON, - MASS.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

THE TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA

In effect Dec. 6, 1891.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and intermediate stations:

BUFFALO EXPRESS ..... 9:00 A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL ..... 2:30 P. M.

Train leaving Smethport at 7:30 p. m. connects at Eldred with K. & E. for Bradford, Rochester and intermediate stations; with Buffalo Express for Allegany, Olean, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points on Clermont Branch:

CLERMONT MAIL ..... 7:25 A. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMODATION ..... 12:01 P. M.
LOCAL ..... 5:45 P. M.

Clermont Mail connects through to Pittsburgh.

Get Time Tables giving full information.

A. E. WORKER, Ticket Agent.
R. BELL, General Supt.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r. & T. Agt.
Buffalo.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between the Bradford, Bordell, Clarion and Rebersburg oil fields.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1891.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.
p.m. a.m.	STATIONS	a.m. p.m.
5 35 11 20	Lv. Bradford Jct. Ar.	7 35 2 20
5 15 10 40	Kinzua Jct.	7 55 2 40
4 50 10 15	Rew City	8 22 3 05
4 30 9 55	Bradford	8 40 3 25
4 05 9 30	Duke Center	9 05 3 50
3 55 9 20	Eldred	9 20 4 05
	BRACE R. R.	
3 15 8 40	Cyrus	10 02 4 45
3 05 8 30	Little Genesee	10 10 4 55
2 45 8 10	Lv. Bolivar, Ar.	10 30 5 15
2 35 8 00	Allentown	10 35 5 25
2 15 7 40	Ar. Wellsville, Lv.	10 55 5 45
p.m. a.m.		a.m. p.m.
p.m. p.m. a.m.		a.m. a.m. p.m.
7 45	5 25 Lv. Bradford Jct. Ar.	7 15
7 25	5 05 Kinzua Junction	7 35
6 55	4 45 Aiken	8 05
6 35	4 25 Davis	8 25
6 20	4 10 Sargent	8 40
6 05	3 55 Grundy	8 55
5 50	3 40 Sweetwater	9 10
5 30	3 20 Mt. Jewett	9 30
5 10	3 00 Kane	9 50

JNO. G. MCKENNA, Superintendent.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway.

THE SHORT LINE

Between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Derby, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Oil City and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania on and after Nov. 29th, 1891, passenger trains will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

7:15 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express for Salamanca, Kinnellis, Springville, Buffalo, Batavia, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

9:30 a. m.—Accommodation—For Salamanca, Kinnellis, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Batavia, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

4:50 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Sundays only for Salamanca, Carrollton, Salamanca, Kinnellis, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH BOUND.

8:45 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and intermediate stations.

2:05 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:00 p. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and intermediate stations.

Excursion Rate Tickets, good for fifteen days, between all stations, at two cents per mile one way, for sale at all principal stations. For time tables and further information apply to agents of the Company's stations.

D. LUNDBERGH, Agent Bradford.

C. W. BARTLETT, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.

H. C. DEVINNEY, Gen'l Superintendent, Bradford, Pa.

(SOUTHERN DIVISION.) PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.

TABLE No. 18. In effect May 22, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD.

2:25 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:50 a. m., New York 8:40 a. m., Baltimore 7:45 a. m., Washington 8:45 a. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coach from Kane to Philadelphia.

2:55 a. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 a. m., New York 9:10 a. m., Pullman sleeping car through from Erie to Philadelphia and New York. Eastbound passengers can remain in sleeping car undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 a. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3:50 p. m., Baltimore 3:45 p. m., Washington 4:50 p. m. Pullman sleeping car through from Erie to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Eastbound passengers can remain in sleeping car undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

WESTWARD.

1:30 p. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday, for Ridgway, DuBois and intermediate stations, arriving at Ridgway 3:00 p. m., DuBois 3:30 p. m.

5:30 p. m.—Train 5, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

7:00 p. m.—Train 11, daily except Sunday, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for ERIE leave Philadelphia (Broad Street Station) as follows:

Train 7, leaves New York 8:50 p. m., Philadelphia 11:30 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:05 p. m., daily, arriving at Emporium 10:30 a. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Washington and Baltimore to Erie, and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Daily except Sunday.

NORTH A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS	SOUTH A. M.	P. M.
7 45	1 30	Ridgway	9 45	3 30
7 50		Johnsonburg	9 40	3 25
10 10		Glen Hazel	9 20	3 05
10 12		Straight	9 18	3 03
10 24		Instanter	9 06	2 51
10 30		Smith's Run	9 00	2 45
10 37		Westbrade	8 53	2 38
10 45		Clermont	8 45	2 30

Connections are made with train 7, Johnsonburg at 4:10 p. m. for Emporium, and Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 6:15 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. E. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on Lucretia Frank W. Dana, late of Keating, New York, deceased, have been granted to Dana, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make [illegible] and those having claims or demands will make the same without delay. GEORGE DANA, Administrator.

Bradford, Pa., May 31, 1892.